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verses de Dorat," with Eisen's illustrations: "Copy which belonged to Merard-Saint-Just, to Renouard, and to Double. This pedigree has another step—rather an original peculiarity. The book was sold to Morgand by Pigott, the fabricator of the forged letters of Mr. Parnell to *The Times*, who committed suicide at Madrid."

Never, apparently, is the sinister echo of the name of that too-cleverscoundrel who duped the late manager of that unlucky leading journal to die completely away.

PERSONALIA

MR. E. F. BONAVENTURE will sail upon his annual visit to Paris next Saturday.

MR. CHARLES F. ULRICH's selection of American pictures for the Exposition at Munich is spoken of in the highest terms by correspondents and the local press.

MR. HEROMICH SHUGIO, who has returned from Japan for a few months, is settled in Washington as the guest of Mr. Thomas E. Waggaman, whose fine Japanese collection he is rearranging.

MR. THOMAS B. CLARKE has again added to and rearranged the unique collection of his Greek Room in the Art House at 4 East 34th street, this city. The cabinet collections of small pieces, so happily devised by Mr. Clarke, have met, among collectors, with the appreciation they deserve.

MR. HENRI PENE DU BOIS' "Four Private Libraries," issued by Duprat & Co., has been received by the English critics with more grace than they had before accorded to a bibliographical work from this country. This delightful quartet of papers has had a wide acceptance among American amateurs, and the edition, which is a limited one, is now, I am informed, nearly exhausted.

NOTES AND NOVELTIES

MR. JOHN G. JOHNSON, of Philadelphia, is among the foremost of the true amateurs of art in this country. His collection is one of jewels. Mr. Johnson has found leisure to transcribe his impressions of certain private collections of Europe, which he recently visited. They have been published in *The Press* of Philadelphia. His papers are so sound, so logical and unbiased that I think any reader of *THE COLLECTOR* will enjoy and profit by the extracts which I make.

Of the collection of Baron Steengracht, at The Hague, Mr. Johnson remarks that modern art is represented in a room full of works unworthy of attention, saving for a fairly good Gerome, a "Caravan in the Desert," emerging from the dust, very like a picture sold in the Probasco collection; a waxy Bouguereau representing a girl knitting; a tolerable Meissonier, "Soldiers Playing Cards," which suffers by its proximity to the much greater works in the same vein by the old Dutch masters; a Villegas, full of color, "The Siesta," representing a woman asleep under palms, and a strong Decamps, "Children and Dogs." Among the old works are some admirable examples. Hobbema is represented by a large wooded landscape of the highest order. A waterfall by Ruysdael is good, as is a large moonlight by A van der Neer. Rembrandt's "Bathsheba," though good, does not vindicate its reputation. The De Hooch is poor. There is a good Jan Steen, that the butler triumphantly asserts, though erroneously, to be the largest example of the artist in existence. It represents that family festival which, with variations, he so often painted. There are very fine works by Terburg, representing a mother combing her child's hair; by Metsu, of a mother and child; by Adrian Brauwer, of a peasant dance; and by Adrian van Ostade, a cottage interior full of figures. A little Thomas de Keyser of an old "Lace Worker" is full of noble simplicity.

Of the Fop Smit collection, in Rotterdam, already partially described in *THE COLLECTOR*, he says that we see a large Monchablon which makes us feel glad nature is not what the artist imagines it to be; an "important" skirmish on a steep road in the woods, not in the best style of an artist—Delaunay—of great technical ability, but often hard and quite out of place in the company of men of 1830; a De Neuville which illustrates fairly well the great dramatic power of a man who, less technically able than Detaille, will outlive him because he reached the emotions; a Cabanel of many figures, which fairly exhibits the refined but not great talent of that artist; a full-length female figure by Jacquet, large but not very satisfying; a church interior by Isabey crowded with badly drawn figures, but glowing with color; Domingos sufficiently numerous to demonstrate that this Meissonier of the dealers is only talented; a Fortuny of action, not of the best, but good; a sallow woman descending a hill, by Hebert, possessing the charm which usually characterizes his productions; a daintily-painted interior, with three women, by Alf. Stevens, which recalls the A. T. Stewart painting; a big and middling fair Jacques, full of sheep, happily without the crooked tree. There are also several fair Munkaczys, one being his oft-repeated interior, with well-dressed women and prattling children; a nice marine by Mesdag; a black dog by Rosa Bonheur, which is good; a large Bonnat, showing his oft-painted Italian peasant girl; a good Parisian courtyard, by Pasini; a

large Calame, fine, but cold; an unusually good, large Gerome, "Two Sphinxes," a Fromentin of the period which antedates his visit to the Orient, rich and warm, of peasants toiling in a field; an interesting Gericault, of horse and rider, slightly uncertain in drawing; a nice little picture by Israels, representing a girl working; a large and fair Monticelli; a nice Bastian, a girl with the village of Damvilliers in the background; a very large, brown Ziem, mellow and good in tone; a scene in Holland, with water, meadows, and mill; a large Jules Breton, very good, but, as usual, over-idealized, dated 1864, of a girl, and a small work by the same artist, of a man plowing, with a background of brown-roofed houses, full of air and satisfying, rendered with a charm which would seem impossible to the painter of the weak and poor "Communicants" of the Morgan sale, something too poetical to be expected from the brush of a man who has treated the Breton peasant as Landseer treated the dog. Meissonier is shown in a scene at Antibes, dated 1868, with the sea on the right, two horsemen on the left, and round forts in the distance. The sea is impressionistic. The sun-lighted beach shows how strongly, at that time, Meissonier was impressed by the work of Fortuny. Cazin is represented by his "Theocrite" from the May collection. The two figures and background of houses are fine, but the sky is mannered and labored. Whilst the picture is good, it is not a remarkable example of a man who, at the last Exposition, did more than any artist to maintain the traditions of 1830. It is very greatly to be regretted that the clamorous demand for his paintings which has recently arisen in this country has seduced him into "pot-boiling," which, if continued, will ruin the greatest landscape painter of our generation. He was always, even while he painted for fame, uncertain in execution. Now he is rarely, if ever, entirely good, though there is always some charm in what he does.

French art cannot afford to lose one out of its not numerous exponents, says Mr. Johnson. Happily, it still possesses a few able men who have not spoken their last; but after they have, their successors will not readily be found. Among the few great is Puvis de Chevannes, who, though old, still wields his brush with pristine power. Degas, though in his choice of subjects usually trivial, is a man of great ability and an inimitable draughtsman. Vollon is strong and rich in color. Dagnan-Bouveret is conscientious and great. His "Benediction" and "Vaccination" were perhaps the greatest figure-paintings in the Decennial Department of the late Exposition, and were worthy of a place among the best of those shown in the Retrospective Department. Monet, though in a stage of evolution, often paints delightfully. He has taught the artists of his day more concerning the problems of sunlight and atmosphere than any other man of this generation. L'Hermitte, though his best medium of expression is crayon, still, at times, paints in oil with a brilliancy in color which makes us regret that his color is so often muddy. Gustave Moreau is a genius, but he does little work. Harpignies, though often excellent, is mannered and frequently unnatural. Carriere has talent not yet fully developed. Friant is one of the best of the young generation of artists, possibly the one from whom the most is to be expected in the future. He is still in the developing stage, and has not yet painted any works entirely satisfactory. Billotte is one of the most promising of the young landscape painters. Though not as great as Cazin, much is to be hoped concerning his future. Meunier also promises well. Boudin and Lepine do good work, but they are too prolific, and have probably done their best. Pissaro and Sisley are among the best of those who follow in the footsteps of Monet, whilst preserving their own individuality. From Gerome and Bouguereau nothing more is to be expected, and the reputation they achieved by what they did in the past is probably waning. Besnard is tantalizing, but suggestive of great possibilities. Hebert is always artistic. Carolus Duran is fine in color, and on the whole is one of the best portrait painters in France, contesting the premiership closely with Bonnat. Roll occasionally paints a strong portrait; but his work is usually clumsy. Laurens is the best historical painter of the age. At times Adrien Demont is poetical; Ribot is masterly; R. Collin is often charming; Lambert reproduces the cat as no one else has ever done; Morot has hardly done what, in the "Good Samaritan," he promised; Raffaelli is a good delineator of character, and sometimes is charming in his landscape accompaniment. Ziem is in decay, but in his Luxembourg "Venice," brown and magnificent, he has established his right to be remembered. Cormon, Beraud, Constant, Maignan, Tattegrain, Glaize, Gervex, Fantin Latour and Merson have talent. The "Rolla" of Gervex is a delicious work.

This picture, by the way, illustrates the climax to Alfred de Musset's fine poem, and may be regarded as the foundation of the artist's reputation. Rejected by the Salon, it was exhibited independently; Paris woke to it, and Henri Gervex's name received its first advertisement.

The men of 1830 are gloriously represented. Mr. Johnson goes on, apropos of the Smit collection, though the many sides of Corot, of Dupré and of Daubigny are not illustrated as they are in the London collections of Forbes and Young, and in that of Mesdag. There are two large, upright and somewhat impressive, but not complete, Rousseaus, formerly in the Demidoff Gallery, which were exhibited in New York a few years since. There is also by him a large, vague, brown scene, several small ones, and a most admirable green meadow with water and huge trees. The Diaz, showing a gathering of women in red and blue, under trees, is one of the largest examples of the artist in existence, but it is far from being one of the best. A good idea of the power of Dupré can be had from what is here shown, though there are none of those magisterial works which gave him a reputation that innumerable conventional paintings have done so much to destroy.